Of all the Court and princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically doe forethinke thy fall:
Had *I* ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar companie,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſsion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
By being ſeldome ſeene, *I* could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet, *I* was wondred at,
That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where, which is Bullingbrook?
And then *I* ſtole all courteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That I did plucke allegeance from mens hearts,
Loud ſhouts, and ſalutations from their mouths,
Euen in preſence of the crowned King.
Thus did *I* keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wan by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemnitie.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name
To laugh at gibing boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardleſſe vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft himſelfe to popularitie,
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweeteneſſe, whereof a little

More

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene, but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with communitie,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſtie,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men vſe to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorgde, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtandeſt thou,
For, thou haſt loſt thy princely priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is aweary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.

Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world,
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
When I from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh,
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:
Now, by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthie intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſsion.
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſſe in the Realme,
Turns head againſt the Lyons armed iawes,
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Biſhops on
To bloudie battailes, and to bruiſing armes.
What neuer dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowmed Dowglas? Whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in armes,
Holds from all ſouldiours, chiefe maioritie,
And militarie title capitall